



SHE'S OFF
WITH
A N O T H E R.

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OH! I've great news d'ye see,
Bonaparte's coming to Dover:
And here he will certainly be
As soon as they let him come over.
And tis oh dear what will become of me
Here is a pretty set-to;
My wife is gone off with another,
And I have got nothing to do.

Oh! what a world we live in,
There's nothing but war far and near,
And poor Catalani's a squalling
For only five thousand a year!
And its, &c.

Then would you see fashion and fun,
On a Sunday, the world is Hyde Park,
Up and down, helter skelter they run,
From my lord to the barber's clerk.
And its, &c.

Oh, what a golden age!
Elovements are now all the go,
Crim. con. and such things are the rage,
With drive away coachey, gee ho.
And its, &c.

Then there is Uriah the quaker,
Was caught in the cellar with Kate;
And the devil caught hold of the baker,
For making his bread short of weight.
And its, &c.